THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 11, 1793.

On the Affectation of modern Manners.

[From " The Looker-on, by the Rev. S. Olive-Branch, A. M.]

" With idle induſtry, and languid ſtreſs,
" We urge refinement to a cold exceſs."

IN the catalogue of improvements on which we moderns found our claim to preeminence above our homelier anceſtors, a thinking obſerver will ſee reaſon to make perpetual diſcriminations, frequent deductions, and ſome eraſures. There is a criſis in the affairs of men, beyond which, acquiſition is loſs, riches beggary, and ſucceſs miſcarriage; a point of coalition, where extremes unite, and where excellence totters on the verge of inanity. I have often thought that thoſe ſpots among the mountainous parts of Switzerland, where the right hand gathers a full-blown flower, while the left may touch a maſs of ice, expreſs, in a manner, the moral of life, where a little leap tranſports us out of full perfection into falſe refinement; out of the glowing confines of high-wrought excellence, into the gelid province of penurious hyperbole. The preſent age has refined us out of half our honeſt feelings, and a great part of our natural taſte; and our pride ſeems to conſiſt in tricking the worn-out frame of ſcience and of genius, with ſuch meretricious arts as ſerve to ſophiſticate the ſhattered relics of female beauty. It is pleaſant to one who has not gone along with the ſtream, to contemplate aloof the ridiculous exceſſes to which the ſpirit of refinement is puſhed in the little concerns of ſocial life, as well as in the duties of morality, and the objects of taſte. In ſocial life, by

by the habit it has introduced of falsifying our feelings, it has left to what is called the fashionable world, little more than an image, or rather a mockery of the social affections: It has in a manner hollowed out the substance of our pleasures, and suffered nothing but the shell to remain; it has cheated us of our rank, under colour of advancing us; it has passed upon us a bauble instead of a diamond; in short, to finish this train of allusion, it has carried off our old coat with our purse in the pocket, and has given us a fine holiday suit in its place. For proofs of this, we have only to look into the present plan of fashionable intercourse: what inanity of compliment! what affectation of transport! what hollowness of profession! what a waste of margin in every remark! what a length of straw to every grain of sense! what idle industry! what manœuvre without plan! mirth without meaning! play without point! pride without pretension! love without regard!

On that plain buff principle of old English hospitality, this spirit of refinement has certainly made no small intrenchments. An empty carriage can pay a dozen visits in a morning; a very close intimacy can subsist for a twelvemonth on a dish of chocolate and a morsel of cake; and friends who have never broken bread together in their lives, can eat each other up whenever they meet. In regard to love and friendship, it may truly be said, that they have lost their exclusive and engrossing spirit. Instead of flying to groves and sequestered walks, they have found their element in noise and publicity. Love is so unsensualized, and sublimed above passion, that it has forgotten its old retreats, and appears with calm confidence in crowds and gay resorts; and friendship is so modulated and adjusted to the rules of etiquette, that it finds the drawing-room a scene sufficiently interesting for all its wishes and exertions, and the card-table an ample medium for the display of all its cordialities and emotions. Thus the tones of feeling and the energies of passion, the swell of humanity and the ardours of affection, have subsided to the common surface of life, and settled into the smooth current of ordinary intercourse, and the every-day topics of vulgar communication. Thus the very sinews of society are relaxed; and, in the progress of our debilitation, we may expect to see the time when those great actions which decorate our history, shall be without a name in our language, or place in our hearts.

I do not know in what this "strenuous idleness," as Young calls it, which spreads so fast throughout the character of the times, is better shewn, than in the dull complexion of our public amusements,

amusements, and the vapid insignificance of common visiting. One would think, without possessing this spirit of inactivity, that it is having no common mercy to one's self, to force nature into so perverse a track, in obedience to opinion; and a savage would certainly be softened to compassion, in contemplating the voluntary drudgery of our fashionable meetings; and would be prompted to enquire into the nature of those crimes to which such punishments belonged. My projecting friend used to think, that the genius of public resort, which we know by the name of Ranelagh, is most particularly in unison with this *strenua inertia*; and so earnest was he in the great cause, that he was for experimenting upon this hopeless quality, and endeavouring to promote his philanthropical object, by extracting positive virtue out of simple negation, and rivalling that philosophical adventurer, who conceived the project of drawing the sun-beams out of cucumbers. His plan went to combine the amusement of Ranelagh with the purposes of a mill, and to make every one in the progress of his circuit conduce to its operation. Among such a multitude, this might be done by the silent efforts of the *strenua inertia*, without the danger of a suspicion in the breast of any one, that he was doing good; and the more effectually to prevent this remorse from taking place to ruffle the flowing tide of murmuring insipidity, or to rouse from his hallowed slumbers the negative genius of the place, every thing was to be removed from sight, which could convey such unharmonising sentiments: the whole process of the machine was to be detached from the scene of amusement; and the same set of wheels which were grinding our corn at a respectful distance, should be grinding an organ under our noses. If my friend could turn this growing, or rather gravitating propensity of my countrymen to any useful account, I should certainly allow him credit for very extraordinary management and resource in the great concerns and interests of our condition here below; but this frivolity of refinement is, I fear, a constitutional malady, which accompanies a worn-out frame and exhausted stamina: and the worst of all is, that the complaint is of a flattering kind, and, like the slow victims to consumption, we silently waste and waste, in the fond security of fancied improvement, till nature suddenly succumbs, and the fountains of life refuse to flow. There is a balsam in our minds, like that which enriches our blood, which, when once it is destroyed by luxurious habits and baneful indulgences, no restoratives in the compass of moral medicine can renew, no

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ſuccedaneums can replace, nor all the aromatic virtue of argument and counſel ſupply to the corrupted ſyſtem.

A ſenſible paſſage preſented itſelf to me the other day in a book but little conſulted at this time, which is ſo much to my preſent purpoſe, that I cannot help tranſcribing it for my readers. "What vice has loſt in coarſeneſs of expreſſion, ſhe has gained in a more eaſy and general admittance. In ancient days, bare and impudent obſcenity, like a common woman of the town, was confined to brothels; whereas the *double entendre*, like a modern fine lady, is now admitted into the beſt company, while her tranſparent covering of words, like a thin faſhionable gauze delicately thrown acroſs, diſcloſes, while it ſeems to veil, her nakedneſs of thought."

Nothing can be more abſurd than the ſtruggles which this ſickly effeminacy of the times is making to gloſs over and diſguiſe all the real wretchedneſs of life. Unable any longer to draw wholeſome leſſons from thoſe paſſages of ſorrow which ſo often occur in the great volume of our exiſtence, we gild and illuminate the margin, in the vain hope of brightening the text: we are dreſſing up a corpſe with ribbands; but ſtill the cadaverous countenance of death will mock our endeavours, and triumph in the contraſt it exhibits. Thus a language is found to expreſs the whole train of maladies to which humanity is expoſed, that wears almoſt the appearance of eulogy; and crimes that call for vengeance, are wrapped up in a courteſy of phraſe, that looks more like commiſeration than abhorrence. We talk of the unfortunate gentleman who poiſoned his uncle, and was afterwards ſo unhappy as to ſtrangle his wife; and I have been told of a very elegant mode of extracting the ſtone. Without doubt, very happy turns of expreſſion, and polite idioms, have been introduced into a neighbouring country for the ſoft detail of their inhuman barbarities; and cutting off heads is conſidered as perfectly conſtitutional. I remember a navy ſurgeon who uſed, in his accounts of battles, to talk of amputations, and other arrangements; and I ſhall ſoon expect a French farce to be written, called *La Mort de Madame la Princeſſe de Lamballe, & ſes agremens.*

All great operations are now performed by the gentleſt means; and the analogy of their profeſſions, might ſeem again to juſtify the union of ſurgeons and barbers, under one corporation. A tooth is promiſed to be drawn by little more than whiſtling to it; a ſyſtem is refined by a pinch of ſnuff; and the Roman Materia Medica, of friction, jactation, and fumigation, is entirely exploded. Few medicines are ſo rude as to require confinement,

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or abſtinence; and it is almoſt worth while to be grievouſly afflicted, in order to be perfumed into health, and ſyrupped into a ſound conſtitution. We have long diſcontinued the phraſe of cutting off, and have adopted that of removing a leg, by which ingenious turn, we muſt of courſe put the patient in excellent humour with the operation, by perſuading him to regard that in the light of an inconvenience, which he is under an unavoidable neceſſity of loſing for ever. In the article of funerals too, we do all in our power to bring it within the influence of this general plan of refinement, and to give it an elegance and brilliancy, that may ſerve to ſpare our ſenſibilities, and ſubſtitute ſurpriſe in the place of feeling. A poor family will ſtarve three children to bury one; and no man can afford to die without a thouſand pounds to his fortune. I could not help being much entertained a few days ago with an advertiſement in a newspaper, in which a very ſombre topic had borrowed the colours of this general characteriſtical refinement.

"JAMES MADDOX, at the Sugar-Loaf and Coffin, reſpectfully ſolicits the patronage of the living and the dead, who have had experience of his delicacy, diſpatch and punctuality. He furniſhes ſkeletons in the beſt taſte, of all ſizes, of both colours, and of both ſexes, accurately articulated; he packs them ſafe, either for ſea or land carriage; he alſo mounts for thoſe gentlemen who have looſe ſets of bones; and ladies may depend upon their orders being obeyed with the utmoſt regularity. M—— has diſcovered a moſt elegant method of ſecuring any human corpſe above ground from ill odours, and all manner of annoyance, without embowelling or embalming; while a certain hitherto-undiſcovered balſam in his poſſeſſion will preſerve the fineſt glow of health upon the face of the deceaſed. This is he that took up the Dutch corpſe in Painſwick, after thirteen months interment, and ſo ſet him up by his elegant preparation, that he was able to bear, without inconvenience, the journey to Rotterdam. Among other excellencies, he has an ointment which cures people of condition, and communicates preſent eaſe, in an hour and a half. He hath alſo coffins ready made for the accommodation of his friends, furniſhed with every convenience; a circumſtance he has a peculiar pleaſure in announcing to the public, and the deceaſed in particular, as, for want of ſuch coffins, perſons of quality have been much incommoded."

Under the ſpreading influence of this whimſical delicacy, the commoneſt terms and phraſes are ſhifting their dreſs, and ſtrutting in fantaſtic finery. No man eats with you on a pub-

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lic occasion, but assists at your dinner; and the butcher, who helps to provide you, is now a purveyor of meat; while your poulterer is gradually rising to the Turkey merchant.

But this spirit of refinement does not confine itself to the little moralities of life; but plays about the confines of religion, and stretches over the whole province of literature and taste. In our catalogues of books we find the flowers of infidelity, religious courtship, the gentleman's religion, the dance to eternity, the box of precious ointment, the perfumes of grace, and Voltaire's philosophical works, recommended in the same line, as being very deistical and elegantly bound. This effeminacy of character, which in the high concerns of religion has the air of buffoonery, produces a sad debility and languor in the objects of taste. A sickly thirst for novelty, local allusion, puerile point, and puny sentiment, have banished from the stage all the higher parts of poetry. The great display of general manners, the manly strokes of antique colouring, and the reign of character, is gone for ever: In their place have arisen a train of fleeting topics of the day and the hour, such as the fungous growth of news-paper anecdotes supplies. A piece of news is hardly certain till it is confirmed at one of our Theatres; and gets footing at Sadler's Wells, ere it is known at the Royal Exchange. In what relates to style and composition, this effeminacy of taste is still predominant: A proud march of words without meaning, the trappings of sense without the substance, the features of fine writing, without the soul, constitute a great part of the excellence of modern composition; and when we sit down with glowing expectation to one of the magnificent pages of modern printing, we fare like the famished porter at the table of the Barmicide in the Arabian story; except that he took his leave at last, completely rewarded for his patience and good humour. I cannot finish, without confessing my envy of the modern reader, who, like the Astomi or people without mouths, that Indian nation of whom Pliny tells us that they lived upon the smell of meats, can also content themselves with the Ambrosia of language, without caring for any solider nourishment, or requiring that milky chyle of real knowledge which enriches and invigorates the soul.

AN ANECDOTE.

MADAME DE LA VALLIERE, the penitent mistress of Lewis XIV. whose retirement from the splendours

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of a court has long been celebrated, was ſo unaffectedly modeſt and had ſo little ambition, that ſhe had never told the King ſhe had a brother, much leſs had ſhe ever aſked any favour for him. He was ſtill young, and had made his firſt campaign among the cadets of the King's houſehold. Lewis XIV. reviewing his troops, ſaw his miſtreſs ſmile in a friendly manner at a young man, who, on his part, bowed to her, with an air of familiarity. In the evening, the King aſked, in a ſevere and irritated tone of voice, who this young man was. Madame de la Valliere was at firſt confuſed, but afterward told his Majeſty it was her brother. The King, having aſſured himſelf of it, conferred diſtinguiſhed favours upon the young gentleman, who was father of the firſt Duke de la Valliere.

GENERAL REVIEW *of* EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For FEBRUARY, 1793.

THERE are certain calamities incident to mankind, which, from the conſtancy of their operation, and the frequency of their occurrence, ſeem inſeparably connected with the moral government of the univerſe.

WAR makes the moſt conſpicuous figure in this claſs of human ills. Every attempt which has been made to check its progreſs or diminiſh its horrors, has only extended its influence, or increaſed its exceſſes. Principles which, in their nature, inſured the proſpect of general tranquillity, have been found in their propagation to terminate in the production of univerſal confuſion; and religion and liberty, the diſtinguiſhed gifts of Heaven to rational beings, and the primary ſources of happineſs to man, have filled the inhabitants of the earth with ſorrow, and deluged its ſoil with blood. And though we may be reminded of the abſurdity of arguing againſt immutable truth, becauſe of the abuſe to which it is liable, yet can the benevolent inquirer derive much conſolation from reflecting that there is a degree of corruption exiſting among his fellow-creatures which converts the wholſomeſt aliment into the deadly poiſons, and the choiceſt bleſſings into the ſevereſt misfortunes. In the preſent convulſions of Europe, compared to which all former diſorders are like the paſſing violence of the mountain torrent contraſted with the ravages of the overwhelming ocean, the timid may ſink under the impending miſery, the pious may ſeek comforts from eternal goodneſs, while the actor in the buſy

ſcene ſhould diſcharge his immediate duty with fidelity, and look forward with confidence to future felicity. The hoſtilities which have agitated the different nations in this quarter of the globe, may be attributed to the ſtruggles between the Popiſh and Proteſtant ſtates for the defence or extenſion of their peculiar religious tenets; the conteſts between ſovereigns and ſubjects for the exerciſe of prerogative, or the eſtabliſhment of liberty; and finally, the efforts of different communities to ſtop the progreſs of an ambitious neighbour, and prevent the deſtruction of that balance of power on which the general ſecurity is founded. The two former objects were the great cauſes of conteſts from the acceſſion of Charles the Fifth to the memorable treaty of Munſter. From thoſe ſources the bloody civil wars which deſolated Germany and France derived their origin; from them we may trace the obſtinate diſpute between Spain and Holland; the ſubjugation of Portugal by Philip the Second; and the execution of Charles the Firſt in England. And at that period of hiſtory, as well as at the preſent era, men were not contented with perpetrating deeds of open violence, but recurred to maſſacres and aſſaſſinations, to gratify their reſentments and aſſuage their angry paſſions.

The inſtitution of the order of the Jeſuits bears no remote analogy to the formation of the Jacobine club; in the character of Mirabeau we may diſcover many features of reſemblance to that of Ignatius Loyola. Can the moſt ſuperficial obſerver forbear from drawing a compariſon between the horrors of St. Bartholomew, and thoſe of the 2d of September; or from aſſigning as diſtinguiſhed places in the temple of infamy to Roberſpierre, Marat, and Ankarſtroem, as to the murderers of William of Orange, and Henry the Third and Fourth of France? Enthuſiaſm, however produced, will commonly betray into ſimilar acts of wickedneſs; thoſe who are under its influence will only vary their means to effectuate the ſame ends; the miſguided diſciple of licentiouſneſs, as well as the deluded votary of ſuperſtition, will think he does God ſervice in deſtroying his fellow-creature; and happy would it be for the world if repeated experience would finally teach us, that vice is always in extremes, and that all virtue conſiſts in moderation.

Guſtavus Adolphus at length, however, aroſe, at the call of Richlieu, the avenger of the Proteſtant cauſe, and the protector of the liberties of the empire. By his victories, and thoſe of his Generals, the Houſe of Auſtria was humbled to the duſt, and the conſtitutional freedom of Germany ſecured. The

crown of Portugal was reſtored to the family of Braganza, the Dutch Republic eſtabliſhed, and the monarchy of Spain confined within its natural limits.

Theſe events ſeemed to prognoſticate the continuance of permanent peace. But the principles which then exiſted in Great-Britain were as dangerous in their nature, and as deſtructive in their conſequences, as thoſe which at preſent have plunged Europe into a war. The ancient conſtitution of this country was overthrown; and under the government of Cromwell, the Engliſh nation, uniting the energy of a monarchy to the valour of a republic, ſtripped the Spaniſh King of his moſt valuable poſſeſſions in the Weſt-Indies; in humbling the pride of the United Provinces contributed to the eſtabliſhment of its maritime ſuperiority; and by a ſeries of exploits, the ſucceſs of whoſe execution could only be exceeded by the boldneſs and ſingularity of their conception, made itſelf at once the dread and admiration of the world.

But the cauſes which produced theſe terrors ceaſed to operate, becauſe no attempt was made to reſiſt them. Surrounding kingdoms bent for a moment before the blaſt, and, when it had blown over, reſumed their former rank, and flouriſhed with ſuperior luxuriance. When a Sovereign forms ambitious projects, they muſt be cruſhed in their commencement, or they may lead to the introduction of univerſal tyranny; but the conqueſts of a republic are always inimical to its fraternal ſecurity, achieved from pride, and relinquiſhed from neceſſity. If, therefore, it is inconſiſtent with general ſafety to permit the exiſtence of a commonwealth among our neighbours, by allowing them to purſue their ſchemes of domination, the pillars of their innovating ſyſtem will totter to their baſis. While oppoſition will only beget obſtinacy, attacks produce unanimity, and opinions be defended in a degree proportioned to their miſchievous tendency and intrinſic abſurdity.

Purſuing the rapid ſketch into which we have entered, we are brought down to the memorable reign of *Louis the Fourteenth.* This formidable potentate, whoſe projects were facilitated, in the beginning of his career, by the irregular policy of the Protector, and the needy profligacy of the ſecond Charles, whoſe power in its meridian ſtrength reſiſted the arms of the heroic William, and the combined efforts of Spain and the empire, ſunk at laſt beneath the ſuperior genius of Eugene and Marlborough; and a life of oſtentatious magnificence was terminated by defeat and diſgrace. His exhauſted dominions enjoyed a momentary repoſe, and the pacific Fleury endea-

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voured to heal the bleeding wounds of his unhappy country.— But ſcarcely had he made this attempt, when the failure of the male branch of the Auſtrian family, and the diſputed ſucceſſion to the Imperial throne, preſented new objects of contentious ambition, and furniſhed freſh occaſions of miſery to man. At length, even this cauſe of hoſtility was done away; the validity of the Pragmatic ſanction was acknowledged, and the rights of the Empreſs Queen admitted.

THE WAR OF 1756.

While every other power enjoyed partial repoſe, Great-Britain and France diſcovered a new ground of diſpute, in endeavouring to aſcertain the limits of Nova Scotia. An appeal was quickly made to the ſword, and by the vigour of our councils, and the bravery of our troops, the Britiſh conqueſts were extended from the wilds of Canada to the banks of the Ganges. Such pre-eminence neceſſarily excited jealouſy; the haughtineſs with which it was diſplayed added fuel to the flame; the revolt of our colonies gave an opportunity of interfering, and we were at laſt compelled to liſten to the voice of moderation, and retire impoveriſhed and diſgraced from the field.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

We are once more engaged in war; and if a ſpectator may form an opinion from the indeterminate nature of the points in diſpute, the violent and numerous paſſions which are rouſed on both ſides, the ſituation of the rival nations, and the characters of their preſent rulers, he may predict a long, dubious, and vindictive conteſt. The claims which Great-Britain or its allies have upon the French are ſo implicated with the deteſtation which the crimes of that people have created, that, in aſſerting our rights, we may probably aim at gratifying our reſentments; and, in repreſſing the ſpirit of licentiouſneſs, direct a mortal blow at the exiſtence of liberty. And while we are amuſing ourſelves with the belief that the decree of the 19th of November, and the opening of the Scheld, are the real motives which influence our conduct, the reſtoration of the former deſpotiſm, or the more awful reſolution, "*Delenda eſt Carthago*," may be lurking in our boſoms. The dreadful enormity, to which we have alluded on a former occaſion, removed every remaining hope of pacification. When that complicated act of cruelty, injuſtice, and impolicy, was perpetrated, "a

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nerve was touched of exquisite feeling, and the vibration has reached to the heart of Europe." Participating in an indignation, in which not to have shared would have been inhuman, and not to have avowed would have been cowardly; administration thought proper to dismiss M. Chauvelin. This step was followed by an immediate declaration of war on the part of France. The reasons which the Convention has assigned for this measure are the joint offspring of falsehood, insolence, and folly. That body has alledged, as the causes of rupture with Great-Britain, a treaty between this country, Austria, and Prussia, which never existed; the act for preventing the circulation of assignats; the alien bill; and the mourning for their unfortunate Monarch.

Without straining one of these articles beyond their fair construction, they seem to import that this nation shall neither protect its commerce from swindlers; the fortunes, lives, and liberties of its subjects from spies or assassins; or even indulge in natural sentiments of compassion, without incurring the displeasure of the French republic.

The Minister Roland has retired from public life, leaving to his countrymen, as a testimony of his patriotism, an animated but faithful representation of the calamitous condition in which they are involved, and shewing the impossibility of amending it without alteration in their conduct. History will do ample justice to the character of this illustrious man. Called to the helm of affairs at the moment when the greatest virtue was not to despair of the commonwealth, he directed it with equal firmness during the violence of domestic faction, and the storm of foreign invasion, remained in his official capacity while his talents could be useful to the state, and seceded with dignity when he could no longer act with effect. His darling wish seems to have been that of saving the late unfortunate Monarch, on whose life or death he seems to have imagined it depended, whether France was to become an independent republic, or continue the prey of an infamous oligarchy; and justly concluded, that genuine freedom expired on the same scaffold with the unhappy Louis. Another alteration has taken place in the cabinet by the dismission of Paché, and the succession of Bournonville to the appointment of War Minister. But these partial changes give no hope of reformation in the national system. Restless and insatiable ambition, boundless rapacity, and relentless cruelty, are still the odious features in the councils and people of France. And by their deportment within

the last three years they have effected more to check the progress of truth and liberty than a thousand despots.

WAR *against* HOLLAND.

On nearly the same pretences which have directed its behaviour towards Great-Britain, this gigantic republic has declared war against the States of Holland. From their local situation, their commercial pursuits, and their comparative weakness, the Dutch had every reason to avoid hostilities. The States General, in an able and spirited memorial to the states of the particular provinces of the commonwealth, have pointed out the futility of the causes of rupture detailed by the Convention, and have warned their constituents of the pernicious consequences which must result to themselves from listening to the promises held out by that body.

Whatever may be the intestine divisions of the States of Holland, the consideration of what has happened in the Netherlands must convince the most discontented that no removal of their sufferings, or melioration of their condition, can be expected from the paternal aid of General Dumourier. Affluence to himself, plunder to his troops, and misery to his adopted relations, are the sole fruits of his offers of consanguinity.—The ruined manufactures and decaying agriculture of Flanders and Brabant, are standing monuments of his ardent friendship; and his attachment to our allies will probably increase in exact proportion to the superior weight of their purses, and the more certain prospect of booty. And, as their highest honour and most distinguished benefit, they at last may be annexed to France, and have the happiness of being represented in the National Convention by some unprincipled individual from the mob of Paris. The syren song of destruction to tyrants, but peace to the people, will soothe the nations of the earth into security no longer; the spell is broken, and the charm dissolved; the veil is torn from the face of anarchy; and the fair form of liberty no longer prostituted to his licentious embraces.

FRENCH ARMY.

When we reflect on the miserable condition of the French army, the danger the republic must run of losing the Netherlands when its forces are engaged in the conquest of Holland, and the prompt and effectual assistance which the combined powers can afford the States General, we are in no great apprehensions for their safety. Though, on the other hand, it

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may be urged, that 120,000 enthusiasts, under the united influence of avarice, ambition, and revenge, with the chance of an insurrection among the people whom they invade, are always formidable.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In the midst of the most destructive war the insular situation of this country insures to her every degree of internal tranquillity. The voice of the enemy will not be heard in our streets, nor are we likely to partake in the benediction of our ancient rival. The Duke of York, animated with the personal courage of his family, has resolved to take the command of the Hanoverian troops. Administration has received an accession of strength by the junction of Lord Loughborough, who has been appointed to the Seals. The nation possesses that degree of confidence in its rulers which is so peculiarly necessary in the season of danger; and we trust that by their exertions, aided by the spirit of the people, we may speedily be restored to the enjoyment of a permanent peace, producing in its train salutary subordination to the civil magistrate, and accumulated prosperity to the people.

Extracts from the Address of Sir Archibald Macdonald, Knt. his Majesty's Attorney General, to the Gentlemen of the Jury who brought in Thomas Paine guilty of a Libel, in publishing "The Second Part of the Rights of Man," delivered December 18, 1792.

(Concluded from Page 196.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

WITH respect to his letter written to me, it is in these terms, and I leave you gentlemen, to judge of it.

"*Paris, 11th of November, 1st Year of the Republic.*

"Sir, as there can be no personal resentment between two strangers, I write this letter to you, as to a man against whom I have no animosity.

"You have, as Attorney General, commenced a prosecution against me as the author of the Rights of Man. Had not my duty, in consequence of my being elected a Member of the

the National Convention of France, called me from England, I should have staid to have contested the injustice of that prosecution; not upon my own account, for I cared not about the prosecution, but to defend the principles I had advanced in the work.

"The duty I am now engaged in is of too much importance to permit me to trouble myself about your prosecution; when I have leisure, I shall have no objection to meet you on that ground; but, as I now stand, whether you go on with the prosecution or whether you do not, or whether you obtain a verdict, or not, is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me as an individual. If you obtain one (which you are welcome to if you can get it), it cannot affect me, either in person, property, or reputation, otherwise than to increase the latter; and with respect to yourself, it is as consistent that you obtain a verdict against the Man in the Moon, as against me; neither do I see how you can continue the prosecution against me as you would have done against one of your own people, who had absented himself because he was prosecuted; what passed at Dover, proves that my departure from England was no secret.

"My necessary absence from your country affords the opportunity of knowing whether the prosecution was intended against Thomas Paine, or against the Rights of the People of England to investigate systems and principles of government; for as I cannot now be the object of the prosecution, the going on with the prosecution will shew that something else was the object, and that something else can be no other than the People of England; for it is against their Rights, and not against me that a verdict or sentence can operate, if it can operate at all. Be then so candid as to tell the Jury (if you chuse to continue the process) whom it is you are prosecuting, and on whom it is that the verdict is to fall."

Gentlemen, I certainly will comply with this request. I am prosecuting both him and his work; and if I succeed in this prosecution, he shall never return to this country otherwise than *in vinculis*, for I will outlaw him.

"But I have other reasons than those I have mentioned for writing you this letter; and however you may chuse to interpret them, they proceed from a good heart. The time, Sir, is becoming too serious to play with Court prosecutions, and sport with national rights. The terrible examples that have taken place here upon men who, less than a year ago, thought themselves as secure as any prosecuting Judge, Jury, or Attorney

torney General, can now do in England, ought to have ſome weight with men in your ſituation."

Now, gentlemen, I do not think that Mr. Paine judges very well of mankind—I do not think that it is a fair concluſion of Mr. Paine, that men ſuch as you and myſelf, who are quietly living in obedience to the laws of the land which they inhabit, exerciſing their ſeveral functions peaceably, and I hope with a moderate ſhare of reputation: I do not conceive that men called upon to think, and in the habit of reflection, are the moſt likely men to be immediately thrown off the hinges by menaces and threats; and I doubt whether men exerciſing public functions, as you and I do in the face of our country, could have the courage to run away. All I can tell Mr. Paine is this—if any of his aſſaſſins are here in London, and there is ſome ground to ſuppoſe they may be, or the aſſaſſins of thoſe with whom he is connected; if they are here, I tell them that I do in my conſcience think, that for a man to die of doing his duty, is juſt as good a thing as dying of a raging fever, or under the tortures of the ſtone. Let him not think, that not to be an incendiary is to be a coward.

He ſays—" That the Government of England is as great, if not the greateſt perfection of fraud and corruption, that ever took place ſince governments began, is what you cannot be a ſtranger to; unleſs the conſtant habit of ſeeing it has blinded your ſenſe." Upon my word, gentlemen, I am ſtone blind, I am not ſorry for it.—" But though you may not chuſe to ſee it, the people are ſeeing it very faſt, and the progreſs is beyond what you may chuſe to believe, or that reaſon can make any other man believe, that the capacity of ſuch a man as Mr. Guelph, or any of his profligate ſons, is neceſſary to the government of a nation."

Now, gentlemen, with reſpect to this paſſage, I have this to ſay, it is contemptuous, ſcandalous, falſe, cruel;—Why gentlemen, is Mr. Paine, in addition to the political doctrines that he is teaching us in this country; Is he to teach us the morality and religion of implacability? Is he to teach human creatures, whoſe moments of exiſtence depend upon the permiſſion of a Being, merciful, long ſuffering and of great goodneſs, that thoſe youthful errors from which even royalty is not exempted, are to be treaſured up in a vindictive memory, and are to receive ſentence of irremiſſible ſin at his hands? Are they all to be confounded in theſe ſlanderous terms, ſhocking for Britiſh ears to hear, and I am ſure diſtreſſing to their hearts. He is a barbarian, who could uſe ſuch profligate expreſſions uncalled for

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by any thing which could be the object of his letter addressed to me. If giving me pain was his object, he has that hellish gratification. Would this man destroy that great auxiliary of all human laws and constitutions—" to judge of others as we would be judged ourselves ?"—This is the bill of wrongs and insults of the Christian religion. I presume it is considered as that bill of wrongs and insults, in the heart of that man who can have the barbarity to use those expressions and address them to me in a way by which I could not but receive them.

Gentlemen, there is not perhaps in the world a more beneficial analogy, nor a finer rule to judge by in public matters, than by assimilating them to what passes in domestic life. A family is a small kingdom, a kingdom is a large family. Suppose this to have happened in private life, judge of the good heart of this man, who thrusts into my hands, the grateful servant of a kind and beneficent master, and that too through the unavoidable trick of the common post, slander upon that master, and slander upon his whole offspring. Lay your hands upon your hearts, and tell me what is your verdict with respect to his heart—I see it !

Gentlemen, he has the audacity to say, " I speak to you as one man ought to speak to another." Does he speak to me of those August Personages as one man ought to speak to another ? Had he spoken those words to me personally, I will not answer for it, whether I should not have forgot the duties of my office, and the dignity of my station, by being hurried into a violation of that peace, the breach of which I am compelled to punish in others. He says, " And I know also, that I speak, what other people are beginning to think. That you cannot obtain a verdict (and if you do, it will signify nothing) without packing a Jury, and we both know that such tricks are practised, is what I have very good reason to believe."—*Mentiris impudentissime.*—Gentlemen, I know of no such practice; I know, indeed, that no such practice exists, nor can exist ; I know the very contrary of this to be true ; and I know too that this letter, containing this dangerous falsehood, was destined for future publication ; that I have no doubt of, and therefore I dwell thus long upon it.

" I have gone into coffee-houses, and places where I was unknown, on purpose to learn the currency of opinion." Whether the sense of this nation is to be had in some pot-houses and coffee-houses in this town of his own choosing, is a matter I leave to your judgment. " And I never yet saw any company of twelve men that condemned the book ; but I have

often found a greater number than twelve approving it; and this I think is a fair way of collecting the natural currency of opinion. Do not then, Sir, be the instrument of drawing twelve men into a situation that may be injurious to them afterwards;" injurious to them afterwards, those words speak for themselves. He proceeds thus,

"I do not speak this from policy," (what then?) "but from" (gentlemen, I will give you a hundred guesses) "benevolence! but if you chuse to go on with the process, I make it my request that you would read this letter in Court, after which the Judge and the Jury may do as they please. As I do not consider myself the object of the prosecution, neither can I be affected by the issue one way or the other, I shall, though a foreigner in your country, subscribe as much money as any other man towards supporting the right of the nation against the prosecution; and it is for that purpose only that I shall do it.

"THOMAS PAINE.

So it is a subscription defence you hear.

"P. S. I intended, had I staid in England, to have published the information, with my remarks upon it,"—that would have been a decent thing—"before the trial came on; but as I am otherwise engaged, I reserve myself till the trial is over, when I shall reply fully to every thing you shall advance;"—I hope in God he will not omit any one single word that I have uttered to-day, or shall utter in my future address to you. This conceited menace I despise, as I do those of a nature more cut-throat.

Gentlemen, I do not think that I need to trouble you any further for the present: according as you shall be of opinion, that the necessarily mischievous tendency and intent of this book is that which I have taken the liberty (at more length than I am warranted perhaps) to state to you; according as you shall or shall not be of that opinion, so necessarily will be your verdict. I have done my duty in bringing before a jury an offender of this magnitude. Be the event what it may, I have done my duty; I am satisfied with having placed this great and flourishing community under the powerful shield of your protection.

A REFLECTION.

NOTHING is more base than the circulating of scandalous reports, when we do not know whether they are

 true

true or falſe; and what makes the practice much worſe is, that it is generally done in the abſence of the perſons to whom they relate, and al[illegible] w[illegible]en none of their particular friends are preſent.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's-BENCH,

MONDAY, February 25.

The KING *verſus* R. MACKRETH, *Eſq.*

THIS was an indictment againſt the defendant for challenging Sir John Scott to fight a duel; and the ſecond count in the indictment charged him with uſing opprobrious terms, for the purpoſe of provoking Sir John to give him a challenge.

Mr. Bearcroft obſerved, that in order to render the cauſe at iſſue more intelligible to the Court, it would be neceſſary to take a retroſpective view of the circumſtances that led to it.—It happened that, prior to the year 1786, Mr. Fox, a very young gentleman, poſſeſſed an eſtate [illegible] Surrey of 1300l. per annum. Being of an extravagant turn, his affairs became much embarraſſed, which induced him to ſell his eſtate during his minority. Mr. Mackreth was the purchaſer. A bill of equity was afterwards filed to reſcind the contract, on the ground of fraud.

In 1786 the cauſe came on before the th[illegible] Maſter of the Rolls; and after a patient and ample diſcuſſion of ſeven days, it was decreed, that Mr. Mackreth took undue advantages of Mr. Fox during his minority, in the purchaſe of an eſtate, which he immediately ſold with a very conſiderable advance.—By that decree he was alſo commanded to refund the purchaſe-money, to make good all deficiencies, to pay five per cent. intereſt, and to diſcharge the expences of the ſuit.

From this decree, which called upon him to pay at leaſt 20,000l. he appealed to the Lord Chancellor, who, after a hearing of ſeven days, affirmed the decree *in toto*. Mr. Macreth ſtill diſſatisfied, appealed to the Houſe of Lords as the *dernier reſort*. Here the reſult of three days diſcuſſion was an affirmation of th[illegible] former decrees; and the higheſt coſts ever given by that Houſe were impoſed on that occaſion.

Mr. Bearcroft enlarged on the merits of the caſe immediately before the Court, and obſerved, that the eloquence and

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legal abilities his client had diſplayed in the various ſtages of Mr. Fox's buſineſs had given umbrage, and incurred the reſentment of the defendant, who, boiling with rage and anguiſh, after paying a large ſum of money, he determined to wreak his vengeance on the Counſel who had the conduct of his opponent's cauſe, and by whoſe exertions he eventually ſucceeded.

Sir John Scott depoſed, that on the 10th of November laſt, on his way through Lincoln's Inn Fields, the defendant, accompanied by another gentleman, accoſted him with a degree of vehemence :—After relating ſome occurrences which had happened ſome years before, he addreſſed the witneſs as follows : " I have read your ſpeech of 1786 ; I wiſh to know whether you mean to make an apology for your baſe unfounded falſehoods that have done me ſo much injury. I will call you a lyar and a ſcoundrel. I'll inſiſt upon it every where, and proclaim it in all places. I have carried my caſe to the throne" (alluding to a flagitious publication of the pleadings); he added, " You are welcome to ſatisfaction at any time, or in any place."

Mr. Erſkine made an able, ingenious, and moſt eloquent defence for his client, which he reſted chiefly on the *quo animo* of the defendant.

Lord Kenyon expounded the law on the ſubject, and remarked that there was no incongruity in the evidence to render this a doubtful caſe.

The Jury, which was ſpecial, pronounced the defendant—Guilty.—He is to receive judgment next term.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Elegiac Epitaph on a Canary, written by a School-boy.

Here lies the body
Of G—— F——'s Canary Bird ;
Who was left on his perch
On Wedneſday night, February 20, 1793,
In apparent health,
And found the next morning,
On the bottom of the cage,
Dead.

ALAS, poor Dick! And is thy tuneful throat,
So often swell'd with variegated note,
For ever stopp'd? And must thy plumage gay,
Beneath this sod, be mix'd with common clay?
So 'twas decreed: When death, with sudden dart,
Pierc'd on his perch, the little warbler's heart.
Admonish'd hence that, from th' impending grave,
Nor sprightly song, nor gaudy dress can save,
Vain mortals learn! for you, like Dick, must fall,
If Death, with sudden voice, on you should call.

Bridport, February 25, 1793.

Answer, by Thomas Gill junior, of Stythians, to J. Tucker's Question, inserted November 19.

IN the scriptural table of measures, &c. it is said that a cubit is 1 feet, 9,888 inches. Now admit the working by this rule, the solid content of the two pillars will be found = 2503,390232125734336 solid feet; then by the rule of proportion as 1 : 500,0724 pounds (the solid content of one foot of cast brass), :: 2503,390232125734336 : 1251876,3615156730711659264 pounds, which reduced by the rule of Avoirdupoise will = 558 tons, 17 hundred, 1 quarter, 24 pounds, 15 ounces, and 7840896. Q. E. D.

Answer, by J. Collins, of Uffculm, to his own Anagram, inserted May 14, 1792.

YE gents, to whom I sent my theme,
Who have not yet so artful been,
As to unfold the secret part
Which I conceal'd with witless art;
With pleasure now I'll it unfold,
As in the same to you I told.
Scan the celestial globe around,
A little glitt'ring star is found,
Between the Swan and Eagle you
With pleasure soon the same may view;
ANSER I think you'll find its name,
Hevelius surely gave the same;
Invert it, and you'll quickly see,
A SNARE's the trap it proves to be.

A REBUS,

A REBUS, *by Richard Tucker, of Broadwinſor.*

A Sort of grain you'll firſt produce,
That doth to England much conduce;
That noble hero next you'll name,
Whoſe warlike deeds acquired fame;
Proetus' daughter next deſcribe,
Who was tranformed for her pride;
That ſcience, Sirs, you'll bring to ſight,
Which youthful bards ſhould in delight;
Athamas' daughter next expound,
Who in the Pontic ſea was drown'd;
Go ſearch gay Flora's lovely tribe,
A gaudy flower there deſcribe;
An ancient hero next relate,
Deſtroyed by his loving mate;
I'd have you next the place diſplay,
Where Phœbus firſt begins his way;
That lady next I beg you'll bring,
The wife and mother of a King;
Europa's ſon you next muſt tell,
Who, as I've heard, was Judge of Hell;
That poet, Sirs, I pray you'll name,
Whoſe works have gain'd immortal fame;
That cruel King who, as 'tis ſaid,
With human fleſh the lions fed;
And next with care, pray bring to light,
A bird that moſtly flies by night;
That ſable time you'll next expreſs,
When you and I ſhould take our reſt;
A Cretan prophet laſt I crave,
Once ſhelter'd in an humble cave:
Find the initials, join them true,
A Suſſex town you'll bring in view.

An ENIGMA, *by William Baker, a Pupil at Mr. Langdon's School, at Chitcombe, in Somerſetſhire.*

WHEN firſt from Heaven, with Lucifer I fell,
But left him in his paſſage down to Hell;
I am the ſtaff of life, the ſick man's health,
The priſoner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth;
And tho' ſome call me falſe, and others vain,
I lead the way to what all ſeek to gain.

POETRY.

On the Beauties of Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

YES, Nature! Yes: To my enthusiast eye,
When vernal brightness flushes every charm,
Thy vivid rays and breathing tints supply
The fond delights that youthful fancy warm.

Thy budding sweets, thy universal green,
(Save where the hawthorn blossoms to the view)
Thy caroll'd strains, and perfum'd gales serene,
Thy midday blush, and tears of matin dew,—

All, all enchant; and in my glowing breast
Rouse from long slumber joy's ecstatic train,
While the gay spirits, now no more opprest,
Fly thro' each nerve, and glow in every vein:

No less gay Summer, bounteous in her charms,
The grateful heart of admiration warms!

But, ah! when Autumn, sober-suited pow'r!
O'er the luxuriant herbage flings her veil,
With browner tints to tinge each artless bow'r,
When first the foliage flies before the gale,—

Then when each object drinks the deeper die,
And fresh varieties of sombre hue
Sort with the solemn glories of the sky,
With new delight thy alter'd charms I view:

Charms that each vain fantastic joy restrain,
And lull each tumult of the wayward soul,
While Contemplation's heav'n-instructed vein
Awakes of Reason's power the soft controul:

Ah! then, how sweet, how lasting, and serene,
Thy poet's joy to trace the rural scene!

Lines

Lines written on viſiting the Ruins of Dunkeſwell Abbey, in Devonſhire.

By Miſs HUNT.

BLEST be the power, by heaven's own flame inſpir'd,
That firſt thro' ſhades monaſtic pour'd the light;
Where, with unſocial indolence retir'd,
Fell ſuperſtition reign'd in tenfold night;
Where, long ſequeſter'd from the vulgar ſight,
Religion fetter'd lay, her form unknown
'Mid direful gloom, and many a ſecret rite;
'Till now releas'd ſhe claims her native throne,
And gilds the awakening world with radiance all her own.

Oh! ſacred ſource of ſweet celeſtial peace,
From age to age in darkſome cells confin'd!
Bleſt be the voice that bade thy bondage ceaſe,
And ſent thee forth, to illuminate the blind,
Support the weak, and raiſe the ſinking mind:
By thee the ſoul her native ſtrength explores,
Purſues the plan by favouring heaven aſſign'd,
Thro' truth's fair path the enlighten'd ſpirit ſoars,
And the Great Cauſe of All with purer rites adores.

How oft confin'd within this narrow grate,
With ſouls aſpiring to a world's applauſe,
Have free-born ſpirits mourn'd their hapleſs fate!
Some hero ardent in his country's cauſe,
Some patriot form'd to give a nation laws,
Or in life's milder ſcenes with honour ſhine;
When each bright hope a father's hand withdraws,
And dooms his child, from every proſpect fair,
To long unvarying years of lonely deep deſpair.

When darkneſs now with ſilence reigns around,
As the faint ſun withdraws his glimmering beams;
(Save when to render horror more profound,
On the rough grate the pale moon quivering gleams,
And thro' the lengthening aiſle the owlet ſcreams)
Then, lull'd by Fancy's viſionary train,
His long-loſt friends frequent his bliſsful dreams;
He ſpends his days of childhood o'er again,
'Till ſounds the midnight bell, and proves the viſion vain.

Yet

Yet let the hand of desolating time
These sinking towers and mouldering walls revere;
For not with useless pride they rose sublime:
Fair Science stor'd her choicest treasures here,
When rapine whirl'd aloft her threatening spear,
When murder reign'd, by Gothic ignorance crown'd:
On every plain the barbarous bands appear;
Fierce discord bids her hostile trumpet sound,
And war, in crimson'd robe, tremendous stalks around.

Tho' now in ruin'd majesty they lie,
The fading reliques of departed days;
Yet shall their change no useless theme supply,
No trivial subject for the poet's lays:
For as the thoughtful mind these scenes surveys,
Whose solemn shades reflection's powers invite,
Their falling pomp that awful hand displays,
Which can from transient ill, and mental night,
Educe eternal good, and intellectual light.

Sonnet to his infant Daughter Maria:

By the Rev. Mr. POLWHELE.

AH, my dear babe! thou smilest at the tear
That hangs upon thy mother's fading cheek:
Eager as thou wert wont, her voice to hear—
But her heart swells with grief too full to speak—

'Tis for thy brothers, in the same cold bed,
She weeps: O'er one the wintry storm hath past:
And there another rests his little head,
Fresh pillow'd. But they feel not the keen blast.

O'er their pale turf the whistling winds may sweep,
Unconscious of the tempest they repose;
There, undisturb'd, sweet innocents! they sleep,
From human passions free—from human woes!

Yes, dear Maria, they, my babe, are free
From ills that wait, perhaps, in store for thee!